

Alarmed for His Mother.  
Harry, hanging about the kitchen, saw a stuffed fowl sewed up before roasting. He was much impressed by the sight. A few nights later his mother, hastily dressing to go out, found that a new frock had been sent home without the proper allowance of hooks and eyes. Summoning aid, her sister basted the frock together up the back.

"Grandma," said Harry, seeking the source of perennial sympathy and comprehension, "come and see what auntie's doing to mamma. I think she's going to roast her, for she's sewing her all up."

Both True.  
"I heard quite a paradoxical remark the other day."  
"What was it?"  
"That though there is no excuse for crime, there is generally a warrant for it."

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-PAISE.  
The Antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes for tired, aching feet. It takes the sting out of corns and bunions and makes walking a delight. Sold everywhere. See Refuse substitutes. For FREE trial package, address A. S. Oimsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

The only people who have no regret for anything they ever said are those who have never said anything of importance.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules. Adv.

And some men talk to themselves because they like an appreciative audience.

## The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.  
—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Bilelessness, Headache, Dizziness, Nervousness, Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Do you realize the fact that thousands of women are now using

## Paxtine

A Soluble Antiseptic Powder  
as a remedy for mucous membrane affections, such as sore throat, nasal or pelvic catarrh, inflammation or ulceration, caused by female illis? Women who have been cured say "It is worth its weight in gold." Dissolve in water and apply locally. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women.  
For all hygienic and toilet uses it has no equal. Only 50c a large box at Drugists or sent postpaid on receipt of price. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

## PIGEONS WANTED

Will pay \$1.50 per dozen for live, old pigeons delivered Chicago. No commission. Price good till May 31, 1913. Ship by express. ROBERT E. COX, 305 W. So. Water St., Chicago, Ill.

# Women of Middle Age

## From 40 to 50 Woman's Critical Period.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, severe headaches, melancholia, dread of impending evil, palpitation of the heart, irregularity, constipation and dizziness are promptly treated by intelligent women who are approaching the period of life.

This is the most critical period of woman's life and she who neglects the care of her health at this time invites incurable disease and pain. Why not be guided by the experience of others and take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? It is an indisputable fact that this grand old remedy has helped thousands of women to pass through this trying period with comfort and safety. Thousands of genuine and honest testimonials support this fact.

From Mrs. HENRY HEAVILIN, Cadiz, Ohio.  
Fort Worth, Texas. "I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and derived great benefit from its use. It carried me safely through the Change of Life when I was in bad health. I had that all gone feeling most of the time, and headache constantly. I was very nervous and the hot flashes were very bad. I had tried other remedies and doctors, but did not improve until I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has now been some time since I took the Compound and I have had no return of my old complaints. I always praise your remedies to weak women."—Mrs. HENRY HEAVILIN, R. F. D. No. 5, Cadiz, Ohio.

From Mrs. EDWARD B. HILBERT, Fleetwood, Pa.  
Fleetwood, Pa.—"During the Change of Life I was hardly able to be around at all. I always had a headache and I was so dizzy and nervous that I had no rest at night. The flashes of heat were so bad sometimes that I did not know what to do.  
"One day a friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it made me a strong, well woman. I am very thankful that I followed my friend's advice, and I shall recommend it as long as I live. Before I took the Compound I was always sickly and now I have not had medicine from a doctor for years. You may publish my letter."—Mrs. EDWARD B. HILBERT, Fleetwood, Pa.

From Mrs. F. P. MULLENBORG, Munford, Ala.  
Munford, Ala.—"I was so weak and nervous while passing through the Change of Life that I could hardly live. My husband had to nail rubber on all the gates for I could not stand to have a gate slam.  
"I also had backache and a fullness in my stomach. I noticed that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was advertised for such cases and I sent and got a bottle. It did me so much good that I kept on taking it and found it to be all you claim. I recommend it to all women afflicted as I was."—Mrs. F. P. MULLENBORG, Munford, Ala.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., 233 CENTRE ST., LYNN, MASS. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

WHY INCUBATOR CHICKS DIE  
Write for book saving young chicks. Send us names of friends who need it. Book free. Kalamazoo Remedial Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.

## REALLY A SOUND INVESTMENT

Sanatorium Where the Tuberculosis May Be Cured Is Worth Much to Any State or City.

Dr. H. L. Barnes, superintendent of the Rhode Island State sanatorium, has recently demonstrated by some interesting studies of patients discharged as "apparently cured" from that institution, that a sanatorium is a sound investment for any state or city. The gross earnings of 170 ex-patients obtained in 1911 amounted to \$102,752, and those of 211 cases in 1912 to \$112,021. By applying the same average earnings to all ex-patients of the sanatorium living in 1911 and 1912, Dr. Barnes concludes that their income in those two years was \$551,000. This sum is more than three times the cost of maintenance of the sanatorium including interest at 4 per cent. on the original investment and depreciation charges. Dr. Barnes concludes, however, "While institutions for the cure of tuberculosis are good investments, there is good reason for thinking that institutions for the isolation of far advanced cases would be still better investments."

## JUDGE CURED, HEART TROUBLE.

I took about 6 boxes of Dodds Kidney Pills for Heart Trouble from which I had suffered for 5 years. I had dizzy spells, my eyes puffed, my breath was short and I had chills and backache. I took the pills about a year ago and have had no return of the palpitations. Am now 63 years old, able to do lots of manual labor, am well and hearty and weigh about 200 pounds. I feel very grateful that I found Dodds Kidney Pills and you may publish this letter if you wish. I am serving my third term as Probate Judge of Gray Co., Mo. Yours truly, PHILIP MILLER, Clairmont, Kan.

Correspond with Judge Miller about this wonderful remedy.

Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 2 sent free. Adv.

## Bi sulphide for Ants.

Where an infest laws or other equally available areas, punch holes about a foot deep with a stick at three or four points near the center of the nest; pour into each about an ounce of the bi sulphide of carbon and close the openings with the foot. The vapor will get into and follow the galleries and kill the ants. A second treatment will rarely be necessary.

## Valued Patron.

"Confound it," said the uptown druggist, "that woman took all the change I had in the drawer."  
"Why didn't you tell her you couldn't break her \$10 bill?"  
"No, no; she's one of our most regular patrons. Why, I've known that woman to buy as high as eleven one cent postage stamps in a week."

## Quite Apparent.

"Do theatrical angels have wings?"  
"Certainly. That is how their money flies."

A soft answer may not turn away wrath, but it saves a lot of useless talk.

# COCKNEY-NO-TOES

## A True Tale of the Arctic

By Cassius Griffith



HE whalers have always called him Cockney. The Eskimos of the north Alaska coast call him "No-Toes," because as a matter of fact he has no toes.

Cockney would sometimes tell grim tales of whaling or of the deeds of heroism and bravery of his comrades—not as real deeds of valor, but as ordinary occurrences of the great north and in the manner which the men of the north have of telling of such happenings—but when one referred to any part that he took in these adventures, he would suddenly become quiet, and unless you immediately launched on another subject, would unceremoniously take his leave, to pace up and down the whaler deck with Antonio the harpooner.

He was much averse to talking of himself, and though you might glance inquiringly at the stumps of his feet, which had been taken off at the instep, and vaguely wonder over the marvelous trip this little fellow seemed to have made when he lay five feet tall had made when he saved the ship and lost these parts, not a word would ever fall from his lips which would lead you to know of the terrible suffering he endured on that occasion. Yet every whaler of the Behring and Arctic knows the story.

I had the story from several variations. The ice completely blocked the Behring straits and the blows foretelling the winter storms were piling the fies one upon the other. The whaler captain was spending his most anxious moments, as failing to break through that 52 mile barrier which separates two great continents means that the winter must be spent within the frigid confines of the dread Arctic, and that meant something which even the iron heart of a whaler did not care to contemplate.

The Norwhal had her nose over the stretch of the wind-swept distance and failed to find a lead which would mean the return to civilization. Short of food, having provisions for one year only, the captain faced a winter pregnant with ominous hardships and perils. To escape the driving fies in the Arctic, the captain thrust the old whaler back over the yet clear water and made eastward to the mouth of the McKenzie river where he could go into winter quarters at Herschel Island.

And there began the winter which tore the souls from men; made beasts of brave men and heroes of cowards; which tore down the barriers of discipline and officialdom and made forecastle and cabin one.

The food was nearly gone when the preparations for winter were completed, and the rations were cut to quarter. Even on that, the captain figured it would last but a few weeks.

The time fast approached when the food would reach its end. The captain turned this dread fact over in his mind and he thought of carbon on the mainland to the eastward. The almost uselessness of attempting to obtain this was too evident to him, but this could be the only means of surviving until spring and the return of the sun. But that was miles away over trailless ice and he had obtained but five dogs from the Eskimos. Those he had intended to use as food at the last moment.

The day came when the captain laded the stores and found that, even on biscuits and salt beef, there was but enough for two weeks.

Then Cockney, who had been thinking of the hideousness of starvation, left his bunk in the forepeak and fought his way over the clogged decks aft to the captain's cabin. He had wintered in the Arctic before, but when the vessel was cut for two or more seasons and plentifully supplied with food, and he knew the surrounding country. He had hunted the caribou, and knew where to find them.

"Cap'n," said the little man bluntly, "I want to go for some caribou."  
The whaler captain gravely surveyed him. It was Cockney's duty aboard the ship to remain in the grow's-nest with the captain when the boats were out and signal at the sight of the whale. The captain thought of this and the hardness which Cockney had always shown.

"I can take those five dogs and the sled," Cockney began again as the captain regarded him in silence, "and I know that coast. All I want is a rifle and plenty of ammunition and big Jim Hall out of the fore'c't. He's the biggest man aboard the ship, and I guess the strongest. We'll bring back the meat."

The captain arose and placed a hand on the shoulder of the smaller man. He paused for a moment and a new light flared in his eyes.  
"Cockney," he said slowly, a tremor of emotion thrilling his voice, "if there is a man aboard the ship who could do as you say, I believe it is you. You have my consent, though I would not order you to go. Fit yourself out as you please, and take

Hall, if he is willing to go. If you succeed, you will save the ship; if you fail you will have died a nobler death than we."

A little later Cockney and Jim Hall, garbed in the winter furs of the Eskimos, went over the side of the Norwhal into the darkness of the Arctic night before the eyes of the entire crew. Each man uttered a "goodby and good luck," as the two figures, the five dogs and the empty sled disappeared in the gloom toward the far mainland over the cheerless expanse.

Cockney turned his eyes to the heavens where the aurora flickered and glowed in the silence. Now that he contemplated it, standing amid the desolate, cold waste, he had never noticed it so beautiful—so cold. The vast ice fields spread out in their unending miles and the hummock-peaks showed specter-like in the pale flashes. The penetrating, chill breath of the expanse crept around him and stung the upturned face. Cockney had just emerged from his sleeping bag. He turned and his glance fell on the sled loaded with the carcasses of eight caribou. This sent the thrill of encouragement through him and awakened him to action again. He kicked the sleep-lag-bag which contained the great body of Jim Hall.

"Come on, Jim," he shouted. "Come on out of there and let's be on. We can't afford to sleep now—now that we've got the meat and they're needin' it so bad. They're waitin' for us. We've been gone 14 days today, and they're about all in. Twenty miles more an we're there."

From the bag came a sound like a groan, but no movement. Cockney repeated the kicking, increasing the force. A sense of fear swept through his brain.

"Cold? Cold?" muttered the big man, almost inaudibly. "No, I'm not cold. I'm jes' gettin' comfortable; jes' gettin' comfortable. Jes' a few more minutes and I'll be with you."

As the slow, telltale words issued from the bag, Cockney grabbed a sled rope-end. The fear in him increased. Jim was beginning to numb. He had slept the few hours of his sleep cold, and the chill had begun to reach his veins. Cockney beat the bag heavily with the rope-end.

"Jim, come on out of there, boy. What's matter with you, anyway? You ain't goin' to let that thing get you, are you? Get up and shake your self, come and get your blood started. You ain't goin' back on your part!"

Jim moved drowsily as the rope beat up and down his body. He heard and the cold-fear took possession of him for a moment; the fear of the cold-lethargy. He squirmed out of the bag and made his feet.

"Keep movin' now, boy," cried Cockney; "roll up that bag and put it on the sled. Here, chew on this bunk of meat as we go along. Hang on to the ice pole and we'll be off on the run."

Cockney thrust a strip of caribou meat into the hand of the big man, and the dogs started at the crack of his whip.

Over the uneven surface of the ice the traveling taxed the energy of both men and dogs.

Cockney kept up as even a pace as the difficult ice would allow and trudged on, apparently unconscious of the weariness which weighed down his muscles. But the wavering gait of the big man showed that the frost had entered his legs and that the grueling travel was telling. He clung to the ice pole and when his head sagged toward his breast he would catch himself with quick upward jerks. But the head sank lower each time, and with the slow coming of the drowsy weariness, threat began to clutch at his throat and the big man began to think of satisfying it.

Cockney glanced back at the moment Hall reached for his second handful of snow. Hall looked him in the eye shamefacedly, but continued to suck in the balance in his mitten. Cockney fell back even with him and lashed him with the dog-whip.

"Stop it, Jim!" he shouted. "Stop it, you fool! If you want to reach the ship, don't touch another pinch of snow. The frost will get you sure if you take it. Brace up, man! Don't commence that kind of thing, now when we're gettin' so close."

Jim gazed fixedly at the small man, and in the wilding eyes Cockney read what he dreaded to see. Jim was getting numb again and was on the verge of allowing his mind to wander. The incessant strain on his overtaxed muscles was telling. Cockney continued to lash him with the dog-whip and the big fellow stumbled aimlessly on, clinging with one desperate hand to the ice pole.

Cockney kept the dogs straining in the traces and divided his attention between them and his companion. At every sag of Hall's hand he piled the whip across the gaunt shoulders and around the wavering legs. Once Jim stooped again, muttering to take up more snow. Cockney struck his chin up with the whip-stick. Jim laughed

like a boy who had been caught in petty mischief, and it sent a chill through Cockney.

Then the strain began to tell on Cockney. He found that the continued lashing of his comrade to keep him alive had weakened him.

The sled lurched suddenly and slid deep into a hummock pit. Cockney saved himself on the caribou meat. Jim pitched forward and landed in a heap off to the side, half burying himself in the snow. He made no effort to move, but lay laughing for a moment until the drowsiness ended the sound in a sigh. Cockney beat the massive body until his strength gave way and he tottered in his tracks. He called in vain for the big fellow to make an effort to arise, but Jim only half laughed once, and the sleep of the north took possession of him. Cockney saw that it was too late, and that he would not rise voluntarily again.

After almost an hour of muscle-racking toil, Cockney got the body of his companion to the sled and lashed it there. Then he took up the trail again.

But now the mist had begun to swim before his eyes and his leg muscles to ache cruelly. He shouted to the dogs for courage, and grasping the ice pole, he pounded his feet over the snow, as vigorously as the worn tendons would allow, to withstand the creeping numbness. The dogs, as yet, went strong, although the sled now bore a heavier burden. Cockney was convinced that it was his strength which would tell the tale.

Over and over again he repeated to himself: "I must do it! I must do it!"

The captain lay in his cabin. Weakness had almost completely overcome him, and he lay listless. Every day he had trained his glasses on the desolate waste of the miles of ice for any sign of Cockney and Hall. But none had been seen, and this was the fourteenth day. Yet he had not given the little fellow up. He hoped, and this hope had caused him further to cut the rations. From two pieces of hard bread and an inch of salt beef a day he cut it to one biscuit and one bite of the meat.

The men forward grumbled at this and mutiny was whispered. Two of them had been crazed with hunger and seizing rifles, had gone over the side on the ice where they had seen the fleeing Arctic foxes. They did not return, but remained the prey of those same foxes where they fell of exhaustion not far distant from the ship.

The mate, Hunter, entered the cabin. He clung to the partition as he stood over the captain. His emaciated form bore no semblance of the heavy man whose boat had struck five whales during the preceding season.

"Captain," he whispered hoarsely, "the men forward have gone mad. They are saying that we are keeping the food from them; that we sent the dogs away so that they could not be eaten before, and he knew not that they want one square meal before they die. They are coming aft in a body to search the cabin lockers."

Hunter finished his speech, and clung more determinedly to the partition from exhaustion after the effort. He stared at the captain with the wild, glazing glance of a starving man. Yet his mind had remained unaffected. He and the captain and the other officers had allowed themselves the same food as was allotted to the men forward.

The prostrate man made an effort to rise, but fell back. Hunter assisted him at the second attempt, and he painfully got to his feet.

"Get your rifle," he said, breathing heavily.

The mate staggered out of his cabin in a few minutes later returned dragging his Winchester. The captain had possessed himself of his, and sat on the cabin couch. The mate pulled himself over and sat with him.

"Where are the other officers?" the captain asked.

"Almost done for," replied the mate. "Boyle tried to talk to them, but they fell on him. I think he's gone. The others have very little life left."

"We must hold them, Hunter. I believe Cockney will return. I know he will. We'll talk to them. If they won't listen, shoot!"

The two men then sat silent and waited. From time to time dull sounds came to them as if men were stumbling through the passages. Then the mutterings of crazed, starved humans. The mutterings grew louder, and the shuffling of slow, dragging feet became distinct. A thud would tell that a man had stumbled and fallen. Then the scrape and drag of the crawling.

The cabin door fell in with a crash as the bodies lurched against it. The foremost hands sprawled over the floor with hoarse, animal cries. A gaunt, heavy-boned Norwegian got to his feet before the others. His eyes stared wildly and the two on the couch saw that he was quite mad. This madness gave him strength, though he wavered where he stood.

He forgot his English, and muttered broken sentences in his mother tongue. Then he snarled like a wild beast at the two, and uttered a fierce or menace, lurched toward them with his thin hands upraised like enormous claws.

The mate raised his rifle a few inches and fired. The lean figure crumpled and slid to the floor.

The others of the foremost hands pulled themselves upright. For the most part they were muttering. One man began to speak. He paused after every few words to regain his strength.

"Cap'n, we're all goin' to die, an we know it. Cockney's gone—he ain't comin' back. We've watched two weeks for him. He can't come back alive. Give us one good feed and let us die on full stomachs—if we're goin', we may as well have one good feed 'fore we go."

There was a burst of savagely assenting voices following this speech, and the other throats took up the cry of "Give us the grub! Give us the grub!"

The captain and the mate kept their rifles pointed toward the starving mob. But they swayed menacingly forward. She saw strain creep through them all like fire and those in the rear stumbled heavily against those of the inner circle and the crowd lurched toward the couch. The captain and the mate were covered by the rolling bodies and the rifles were swept from their hands.

The floor became a mass of arms and legs and squirming bodies. They moved slowly and painfully as if their owners were drunken. They were without purpose, however, and so weak that little damage was done. It was an unreasoning, crazed, muttering pile of figures which had little appearance of being human.

It was the barking of dogs and shouts and cries which disentangled this lumbering-crazed lot of men. Hearing this, they were still. Even the muttering ceased to mouth inarticulate sounds. The captain and the mate heard and they were the first to their feet.

"It's Cockney and Hall!" some hoarse voice announced feebly.

Then the hubbub of muttering began again, though in a louder, different strain. Barbaric laughs mingled with frenzied cries. Every man crawled, pulled, pushed or stumbled toward the passage which led to the deck.

The captain and the mate, men of stronger minds, had more control over their emaciated bodies. They reached the side and peered over. The sled lay against the side of the vessel, piled with the carcasses of the caribou. A great figure, frozen, was lashed on the pole. Standing motionless at the ice pole was Cockney. His sightless eyes stared ahead and his frozen lips were making an effort to form words. He remained where the dogs had stopped the sled. His mind had gone long before, and he knew not that he had reached the ship. The muscles long worn out, could not move another inch.

One dog lay dead in the traces. His body had been dragged by the others over the last two miles of the journey. Another dog sniffed at the bait was made. Only one remained with his head up. That was the leader, who had followed the trail without a guiding hand.

How the captain and the mate and the others got Cockney and the meat over the side of the boat they were too frenzied to be able to remember afterward.

Three days later Cockney came slowly to life in the captain's cabin. As his eyes opened he muttered for a moment. Four words were repeated several times, vaguely, while his face lapsed into cruel strain.

"I must do it! I must do it!"

Whisky was forced between the darkened lips when the signs of red turning life became evident. The captain and the mate had watched beside the bunk since they recovered their strength.

These three men spoke no word to one another. What was in the hearts of all each man knew. But the captain, strong as he was of heart and used to perils and death, could not check the tears when he uncovered Cockney's feet and found them black.

He turned and walked away. The mate, too, turned, filled with uncontrollable emotion. Cockney read it in their faces and the numbness told him how far they were frozen.

But he smiled faintly and whispered: "Well, I'm glad I'm livin' anyway."

The captain took the chloroform from the medicine chest. The mate administered it while the captain prepared his crude instruments.

Though deep under the influence of the drug, Cockney screamed when the meat-saw (the only thing available) severed the bones of his instep.

When the bandages had been successfully placed and Cockney slept, the others of the crew came in uncovered, and looked silently and respectfully at the heroic little form.

## Does Backache Worry You?

Many who suffer with backache and weak kidneys are naturally irritable and fretful. Bad kidneys fail to eliminate all the uric acid from the system, keeping you "on edge" and causing rheumatism, neuralgia, pain.

When your back aches, and you notice signs of bladder irregularities, suspect your kidneys and begin using Doan's Kidney Pills, the best recommended special kidney remedy.

An Arkansas Case  
Mrs. Joseph Gross, Church St., Morrilton, Ark. says: "I was all day long covered with pain, became so dizzy I had to grasp something to keep from falling and my kidneys were swollen to three times their normal size. Some of the doctors had told me that I was going to die, but I was cured by Doan's Kidney Pills. I feel better than I have for years."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

W. N. U., SIOUX CITY, NO. 17-1913.

## DINNER GUESTS GO HUNGRY

Aged Royal Host Slept and Etiquette Would Not Permit That He Should Be Awakened.

Prince Leopold, the recently deceased regent of Bavaria, some weeks before his fatal illness fell asleep at a dinner party immediately after the first course. His guests were restrained by etiquette from waking him, but continued their conversation in a low tone. The servants did not dare to continue serving the dinner.

The prince soon commenced to snore, and slept on for two hours, during which time no one allowed himself to leave his place. The guests sat famished in the same room with a marvelously appointed dinner. Finally Prince Leopold awoke. He took a hurried glance round the table and saw only a number of perfectly correct faces successfully pretending to have noticed nothing. Persuaded that his slight lapse had passed completely unremarked, he said quietly, "Now let us go and take coffee." The guests rose accordingly and proceeded to the drawing-room. They were served with coffee, liqueurs, cigars. The prince, thoroughly refreshed by his sleep, indulged in a great deal of excellent conversation, which lasted till midnight. The party then broke up, and the guests departed, famished with hunger.

## All He Wanted.

A Boston man tells of a certain irrepressible bore who always made use of a formula when anyone sought to put him off and thus spare the objects of his attention the annoyance of an interview with him. This formula was: "But I assure you I want but one word with him—only one word!"

On one occasion he sought out a noted lawyer. The latter's clerk met him very solemnly with: "Why, haven't you heard? Mr. Blank died last night."

The words were scarcely out of the clerk's mouth when the applicant was saying, conciliatingly: "But I assure you I want but one word with him—only one word!"

Possibly Two Conflagrations.  
"Papa, what is a conflagration?"  
"It is a big fire, my son."  
"And what do they call a little fire?"  
"There is no special name for a little fire. Oh, they sometimes call it an incipient fire and—let's see—well, it is sometimes called an inconsiderable fire. Why?"  
"Well, I see your coat-lit is on fire, and I was wondering whether it was a conflagration or an incipient fire."

In a few minutes the young man had reason to think it was a conflagration.

Exceptions.  
He—Must stolen goods always be restored?  
She—Certainly.  
He—All right. Will you now take back the kites I stole last night?

The old fashioned mother and her slipper have qualified many a man for the presidential chair—even if he didn't land.

## Everybody From Kid To Grandad Likes Post Toasties

Thin, crisp bits of white Indian Corn, cooked to perfection and toasted to a delicate brown without the touch of human hand.

You get them in the sealed package

## Ready to Eat

A dish of Post Toasties for breakfast and lunch, with thick cream or rich fruit juice, is a dish that epicures might chortle over.

Nourishing, economical, delicious, "more-ish."

Unfortunately, it comes easily, often unknowingly, and attains its growth before we are fully aware of the existence of the evil thing we have nurtured.

Woman has no monopoly of this habit. It is as often seen and is just as bad in a man. Continual watchfulness over the unruly tongue is the only safeguard, the only remedy, the only cure.

Consideration, one for others, should be cultivated if one would retain the love of friends.

Horrid Habit of Contradiction.  
One of the very worst habits to acquire—if we care for our own happiness and the happiness of others—is the habit of contradiction.